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PRICE TWO CENTS

## The Flamingo Legend

by Kaye Rodomar

"The Flamingo Legend" has been awarded the Five Dollar War Savings Certificate offered for the best contribution to the Christmas issue of the Daily.

ANY A gallant ship has gone down to the sea from New England ports; so many that landsfolk have tired of hearing the impossible tales of those who sail the sea. With the coming of war fought by soldiers, aeroplanes and a navy with uniforms, the heroism of the merchant ships was forgotten. Funny, about a sailor, old and wrinkled by many winds of many seas and a kid on his first voyage; you sense a feeling between them like a secret or an oath, a something you can't put your finger on. Perhaps they are bound by common knowledge of legends drawn from the sea.

Wonder how many men have felt new warmth in Arctic storm; a resurgence of new faith in a South Seas gale; when in the hold a sailor will drink a rum too many and tell the Flamingo Legend. It can happen in an icy strait on the Murmansk run when you're waiting for a strafing from Jerry; or off the Portuguese coast in the yellow light of fresh morning. Told always at sea because it is a sea story, and landsmen have no honest business with it.

In the beginning, the Legend was held within the Merchant fleet; international it was, for how could it escape such fame. It was connected with the Marine, it WAS THE MARINE. When you hear it, it becomes another part of you like a glowing heart or a ready fist. When the sea rides up on deck and blasts a wintry shriek up the companionway—remember the Flamingo Legend—the story of Johnny Flamingo.

Sailors who have sailed the tropical seas know that a flamingo is a bird of distinct and colourful family. Johnny wasn't. In fact, no one knows why he was called "Flamingo". The "Johnny" was alright—anybody's name can be "Johnny", but the "Flamingo"—strange. And yet, as you watched that kid working on the ropes, or dashing along the deck to his station, he was like a bird—long-legged and fleet and strong. Where did he come from? Nobody knew. He never talked about the land. A kid of twenty could remember times before he put to sea, but Flamingo never could—and didn't want to. "Like as if I was born aboard," he used to say and with a sudden laugh he'd gaze off into that wailing sea, exultant with his love of her.

To look at him you might imagine his mother to have been a dancing girl on Broadway—his eyes were a brilliant blue—his body keyed to an exacting rhythm. His father could have been a poet—for Johnny had imagination as much a part of him, that he bothered little with anyone else, just sat up on deck stretching his legs—while now and then you'd hear his boyish laugh riding the waves and away.

Johnny Flamingo was a gunner. In peace times he'd loved the life of a deckhand; but with the war he'd trained for gunnery; and 'though he had no brothers out there fighting, like us men, and no close friends going down in the cargo ships his gun talked the coolest murder of any six inch in the two wide ponds. His ship the "Callie King" was a medium tanker plying the hottest runs in those bleak early days. At-

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## The Colonel and Mark

by Thomson

THREE, six, nine, twelve, eighteen—that was all—the nerve-wracking drone of the bombers melted into the strange silence of the Italian countryside, Mark Gilford lowered his eyes. There they go, Christmas eve or no Christmas eve. He leaned forward on his rifle and scanned the country before him. Strange Christmas—not a drop of snow to be seen—no one but himself in a small foxhole watching—always watching for the enemy.

At least it was quiet now—for the past few days he had been experiencing his first active fighting—the roar of guns—the whine of bullets, the grinding of tanks—the chaos of death and destruction had been life for Mark Gilford and his companions. He had seen death face to face—death striking down his friends one by one. It hadn't seemed to matter—there was no time to think—one had to kill or be killed. It was different now—ever since early evening there had been silence—a silence strange and foreboding. At last he had time to think again—to ponder over life as he loved to do.

His eyes wandered across the landscape before him—it looked like one of his mother's old patchwork quilts. Squares of dark green bushes—triangles of half-golden, half-green grain fields—little clusters of funny white houses topped with even funnier red roofs whose shingles looked like the halves of drain pipes. How curious it all seemed. Here he was in Italy—so far from his home town in Canada, Canada, where the snow would be piled around his front porch—where his brother and sister would be dragging in the newly cut evergreen-tree; where the little church would be lit up and his father and mother, joining with their friends, would sing the old carols.

A thrill of deep feeling for his own country filled his whole being—someday he would return. Three years was a long time—but he could never forget, nor ever stop longing for home—the farm—the work he loved. Suddenly a scuffle disturbed the bush near by—he raised his loaded rifle—then like a streak a hare shot across the front of his lookout. He smiled—just the same as at home.

He looked at the luminous dial of his watch—midnight—in a few moments it would be Christmas Day. Bells began to toll from a distant steeple—the pious Italian peasants began to troop down the hill to their own little church. He could hear some of them singing—it sounded like the Holy Night—he couldn't make out the words, but the tune was the same. He hummed to himself—how often he had sung that—Holy Night, Peaceful Night—peaceful night. It was a peaceful night—such a strange contrast to what he had been through. The stars twinkled and blinked—the same stars that shone over his own home—the same stars that the shepherds had seen nineteen hundred years ago. He fancied himself a shepherd—waiting for a glorious message—the message of Peace on earth, goodwill to men. Thousands and thousands of people throughout the world tonight are waiting for that message—I wonder when it will come? Mark bowed his head and uttered a simple prayer.

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### Winter Moment

The sky swooped down and the crystal stars  
Were suddenly close for the hand to reach;  
The drifted snow shone whitely clear  
And the trees bent glistening heads to hear.  
♦ ♦ ♦  
The silent air was like a bell  
About to ring;  
It seemed some great massed choir  
Was  
About to sing:  
♦ ♦ ♦  
The whole world waited with eyes alight,  
For something it only hoped to see;  
Then the stars went back and the branches swayed  
From the touch of some strain that was never played.

A. E. R.

### Old Fashioned Christmas

by Alice Bennett

Kayne stood in whirling snow and held tightly to Mike's present. The grim old station leered at her knowingly, and a strange affection warmed her. It had at least afforded shelter for that brief half-hour with Mike. Half an hour measured out by the big clock in the waiting-room—hot coffee, an exchange of Christmas presents, abrupt conversation and a kiss for goodbye. Only half an hour between trains out of all his Christmas leave, perhaps his last on this side. Soon he would be caught up in the whirl of family Christmas in gossipy Brantford. And Kayne would join in a family celebration here in Montreal, because Dad also had leave. Only half an hour, and gone now. She had tried so hard to hold it now there was nothing left but the little parcel in her hand.

Clutching it firmly she struggled onto a streetcar. Pictures whirled before her like the wind-driven snow: Mike's eyes smiling over the thick blue-edged coffee cup... the turn of his gloved hand over the swagger stick... his flagrantly bulging tunic pocket...

The streetcar rocked to a stop, and in one of her paper bags something stirred uneasily. The jointed wooden toys for two small sisters' stockings; a smile touched her lips. And it faded. Family Christmas—with tree and stockings and family church-going. Smouldering discontent sent up a flame of revolt. Family Christmas had allowed them that half-hour. Dreary evenings closed in on the city, and sullen resentment of dreary Christmas cheer was on her.

The park spun by, starred with lamps. The curtain of snow hung over it was torn and shredded by the wind that scourred the fallen snow.

The house was quiet at last.

From upstairs came the sound of Mother and Dad's voices as they wrapped a last parcel. The two little ones, their exuberance stilling by sleepiness, chattered in bed. The family sat stolidly under the tree to dream of forests and hunting. The house settled itself,

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### Summer's End

Translated by Irving Massey from the Yiddish of Ida Maze.

The summer has now sung all its hymns  
And rests near the river with weary limbs.

♦ ♦ ♦  
Field in the sun with its stalks in sheaves,  
The river reflects colored maple-leaves.

♦ ♦ ♦  
A mirror smooth, the river gleams,  
Sleeps 'neath the forest's wing and dreams.

♦ ♦ ♦  
The twigs are drawn thin, in a reef;  
On the mirror falls a yellow leaf.

♦ ♦ ♦  
A yellow, a red leaf falling breaks  
The river up into silver plates.

♦ ♦ ♦  
And the sun, like an apple of yellow flakes,  
Sways in the river on silver plates.

♦ ♦ ♦  
And over the bridge and the river east,  
Autumn's golden cords made fast.

### A Christmas Message



A Very Happy Christmas to every member of this University, to your family and to your friends.

Most of you, I hope, will be spending Christmastide with family or friends and I trust that you may find the spirit which Dickens found at Bob Cratchit's. If Christmas is to you a season of thanksgiving, there is much to be thankful for this year: if it is a time at which you think upon the message that the angels sang, there is no moment in all the history of mankind when the ideals of peace on earth and goodwill to men were more precious or more important.

We have come through four long years of war: the road ahead will be hard. You will have these things in your mind, and will offer a silent prayer for all those men and women on distant battlefields who have won for us by their courage and fortitude the privilege of celebrating Christmas. But do not, in the fashion of a colleague of mine, some years gone by, depress your own spirits and spread gloom around you by appending to your Christmas greeting a lament upon the ills from which the world is suffering. Be of good cheer. The Christmas message brings tidings of great joy. You will be happier men and women, better able to meet the challenges of all the days to come, if you find and share the spirit of Christmas.

As our work for 1943 draws to a close, I want to extend to each one of you a warm personal greeting. May every moment of your Christmas be happy, and may the New Year dawn brightly to usher in a period in which you may see the realization of some of your dreams. "God bless us, every one."

F. Cyril James

December, 1943

### Small Town Christmas

Christmas in the small town,  
It sparkles in the air;

The city streets are gray and cold,  
With spots of pavement bare.

♦ ♦ ♦

The little streets are white and clean  
And crunchy under foot—

But here, the snow is beaten down  
And carpeted with soot.

♦ ♦ ♦

The eyes you see are tired eyes,  
And any smile you find

Is the worried smile of a busy man  
With business on his mind.

♦ ♦ ♦

Christmas in the small town,  
It meets you everywhere;

You see it shine on every face,

You feel it in the air;

♦ ♦ ♦

And when, at night, the windows laugh

With every dancing pane,

It's not just night in any town,

It's being home again.

A. E. R.

### Christmas and Officer Muldoon

by Anne Hughes

The day before Christmas in New York that year was a particularly nasty one. It was a dull grey day with a chill stinging wind, and an occasional flurry of snow to make walking difficult and slipping easy for the harried New Yorkers as they huddled in their coats, stamping and puffing against the raw wind, waiting interminably for busses.

As Officer Tom Muldoon walked his beat he pulled his coat up tightly around his ears to protect himself from the sudden gust of the chill wind that swept across the open area in front of the Library. One of the lions had developed a beard of ice, while the other appeared to be standing miserably on one frozen paw. Across the street in front of a large bank of offices stood a stout Santa Claus suit in which shivered a forlorn looking Santa Claus dejectedly clanging his bell and shifting from one foot to another, occasionally pausing to brush his beard out of his mouth to mutter some hopeless little plea for the Salvation Army.

Muldoon looked pityingly at the poor derelict, and as he threw a dime into the kettle, saw the man give a little leap, screech in pain and pick up a bebe shot from amid his copious flannels.

"Now listen here, copper, you've got to do something about that brat," Santa complained bitterly. "I've stood about all I'm going to stand. Every time that kid pops up and starts aiming that sling shot..."

"It's a bebe gun," Muldoon was a stickler for the right word in the right place.

"Well," returned Santa grudgingly, "with whatever it is, he always picks on me, and I've never done anything to hi. But it's a rotten shame that the entire police department of New York City can't keep that young thug locked up for more than a month. New York's Finest—baaaaah!"

Muldoon walked away silently pitying himself. Petey-boy Williams was on the loose again.

Glancing up he was just in time to catch sight of an apple disappear.

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### Poem

Translated by Irving Massey from the Yiddish of Ida Maze.

When the daybreak comes with rain  
And weeps with a thin spray over the rooftops,

I awake with a song on lips

And sing a song of

♦ ♦ ♦

How the rain weeps with thin spray

Over the rooftops,

♦ ♦ ♦

How somewhere far away on misty oceans

Ships are swimming here and there

With sleepy swans' motions,

♦ ♦ ♦

How through the grey space of the air

Two white wings of a pigeon plane

And how the delicate water-strands draw trustingly across my pane.

## Merry Christmas, Diary

by Bruce A. Raymond

December 24th, 1935.

**EAR DIARY:** I am waiting to-night for my tenth Christmas. To-morrow I will wake up and all around the bottom of the tree will be big boxes and lots of presents and candies and, especially for me, long pants! After we'll go to Church and sing carols. Then at dinner, I'll stuff myself with plum pudding and mince tarts till I'm fatter than our turkey. And after supper we'll sit around the fire and listen to Granny read us the story of Scrooge.

I know that there's no Santa Claus, but anyway, he'd never get down our chimney, 'cause I couldn't get down it myself and Santa's much bigger than I am—if there is a Santa! And I guess there is, though Daddy says there isn't, and—I'm getting so very tired now.

Merry Christmas, Diary.

December 24th, 1937.

**DEAR DIARY:** The gang calls me a sissy for keeping a diary at my age, but wait till I'm sixty and can read about all the things I did when I was a kid; boy, will they be jealous. Am I glad I'm not a kid now. I'm twelve! Granny says twelve is a very important age, and she's never wrong.

To-morrow I'll be celebrating (that's a new word) my first grown-up Christmas. Dad even promised me a glass of wine. I hope I won't get drunk like Uncle Ted. But, anyway, I can't because I haven't a bad heart like he has, and I don't need wine for a medicine. Gee, I'm glad I'm not a kid any more.

Merry Christmas, Diary.

December 24th, 1939.

**DEAR DIARY:** I saw my first war-plane to-day. Dad said it was a fighter. Boy, was it a beaut—shiny and clean and smooth, just like a bullet. Looking at it sort of made me feel queer inside. Here the priest tells us about God and peace and everything, and up there men in an airplane learn to kill each other. I wonder if the pilot in that plane was thinking about Christmas. I wonder if he has a family and children to buy presents for. I wonder which he likes most—war or Christmas. I wonder.

I bought Mom a book she wanted—"Wuthering Heights." Gosh, how anybody can read that stuff I know. The only part I liked was the last chapter: I got Dad a pipe, sis a doll or something. Granny a big yellow shawl thing, and—I shouldn't write this down, but I bought Dorothy you-know-who some handkerchiefs.

She said I could go over and see her tomorrow. I wonder if it's polite to kiss a girl on Christmas. Dad kisses Mom on

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1943

## The Spirit of Christmas

Christmas is with us once more—  
Christmas with its cheerful holiday mood,  
its Christmas trees, its red and green and  
silver decorations, its parties, the exchange  
of greetings and of gifts, the eating of  
turkey dinners, the singing of carols, and  
the special services in the churches.

Certainly this Christmas will be a little  
different from any we have ever known.  
Each year of war brings a deeper note of  
solemnity, only accentuated by the many  
feelings uncovered at Christmas time.  
Loved ones far from home are missed more  
at this season than at any other, and this  
year even more of the ones we know are  
far away. Those of us who remain behind  
do well to remember them and breathe a  
grateful prayer on their behalf.

Other differences this year are reflected  
perhaps most in the difficulties experienced  
in Christmas shopping. Even in the in-  
creasing seriousness of mid-term examinations  
reminds us in ominous tones that this  
is war. And yet our very souls would cry  
out at the contention that perhaps the  
celebration could be overlooked at a time  
like this. We would protest if only for the  
sake of children, but surely Christmas is  
not merely a time of pleasure for the little  
ones. Young and old alike can share in its  
gladness.

What then should be our attitude to  
Christmas this year? Our circumstances  
may have changed, our thoughts may be  
sobered by the import of war, but the  
message of Christmas is still the same.  
"Unto you is born this day in the city of  
David a Saviour which is Christ—the  
Lord!" And His name shall be called . . .  
the Prince of Peace!" This is the message  
of Christmas, a message from God fulfilled  
in the life, death, and resurrection of our  
Lord.

"Peace on earth, goodwill toward men"  
seems a far-cry from the scenes of a war-  
torn world, and yet we cannot help realizing  
that the coming of Christ did bring  
peace to the earth—a peace that dwells in  
the hearts of men. The testimony of  
Christians all through the centuries speaks  
of this in-born peace which is the conse-  
quence of a liberation from sin. Soldiers on  
battlefields have found peace when they  
committed their lives into the hands of the  
Prince of Peace."

We too, in the complexities and con-  
fusion of our lives, can find peace by plac-  
ing our trust in the Saviour of the world.  
And the very peace which comes from Him  
through His love engenders "good will to-  
ward men." Then we can catch a glimpse  
of the true Spirit of Christmas. The Spirit  
of Christmas is of necessity the Spirit of  
Christ, the Spirit which teaches brotherly  
love, which demands unselfishness in hu-  
man lives—a conception so conspicuous in  
our ideas about Christmas and so often  
lacking in the manner in which we cele-  
brate the occasion. It is the Spirit which,  
working in our forefathers, developed the  
customs and ideals associated with Christ-  
mas which we feel so dear to us today. In  
clinging to the traditions of Christmas let  
us be careful not to lose the Spirit. Christ-  
mas without the Spirit of Christmas is a  
hollow mockery. It is Christianity without

The modern student has often been ac-  
cused of extreme materialism and a lack  
of interest in anything which does not de-  
pend solely on cold, hard logic. We as a  
group of students have an immediate way  
of showing that this is not true. It is to be  
hoped that many of the students will take  
up this challenge, and show their approval  
of the service by giving it every support  
possible in attending and bringing their  
friends.

## Music Notes

Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal  
presented the fourth concert of their season on  
Tuesday night at Plateau Hall. Vladimir  
Golschmann was the guest conductor.

The program opened with Sir Thomas  
Beecham's arrangement of Handel's Faithful  
Shepherd Suite. A work of great beauty, the  
conductor and orchestra did it full justice,  
excelling especially in the soft melodic  
Adagio.

Handel was followed by Brahms' fourth  
symphony in E minor. The well known melody  
of the first movement, marked Allegro non  
troppo, played clearly and vividly showed Mr.  
Golschmann's great understanding for the ro-  
mantic style of music. The crowning achievement  
of the work, however was the last move-  
ment, the passionate Allegro, to which Mr.  
Golschmann gave a very original interpretation,  
bringing out the emotional contrast between  
the slow beginning and the stirring climax.

Then followed the Polka and Fugue from  
Weinberger's "Schwanda der Dudelsack Pfleifer."  
Though the Polka was played a little too  
evenly, the Fugue, with its short subject, which  
is first developed by the second violins, then  
picked up by the Violas, then by the 'cellos and  
the first violins, and finally by the wind in-  
struments, was played with great vigour; indeed  
it reminded the listener somewhat of a  
country dance, built rather on the harmonic  
plan as the preceding Polka, but continued in  
fugue form.

"Deux Gymnopédies" by Erik Satie, orches-  
trated by Debussy, followed. These two works  
seem to be almost orchestral exercises, which  
the composer himself described as being in the  
shape of a pear. This is certainly correct, for  
each starts with a phrase, which the surrealists  
might well describe as representing a cone,  
which gradually widens, and stop rather  
abruptly on a flat bottom.

The program concluded with the ever popular  
Bolero by Ravel. Again the audience was fas-  
cinated by the rhythm of this Spanish dance,  
and sat, uncertain, whether they should watch  
the two hard-working drummers, or Mr.  
Golschmann, and the equally hard-working  
orchestra. Again, as ever before, the sudden,  
almost frenzied climax produced a storm of  
hysterical applause, which forced Mr. Golsch-  
mann to play the greater part of the work  
again. —C. U. W.

## The Meeting

We shall meet again  
In the evening of our lives,  
Where a sea and sky serene  
Blend with the land in perfect harmony;  
Then the sun shall fill  
All with a gentler warmth  
And lay down its velvet sheen  
Upon the waters still,  
As the now tearing wind  
Turns to soft caresses.  
That splendid twilight shall then know  
Tender memories and soft-spoken words,  
Whilst the years stand, a silent throng,  
Bearing mute testimony  
To ways we can no longer go,  
To which we now no more belong.  
There shall be no regret, no sorrow,  
For what shall have been;  
We cannot then be changing,  
And what remained to come  
Will soon be at an end for us.  
Long shall our weary hands rest  
In the long-desired greeting;  
With its well-remembered jest;  
Yet soon, too soon, will come  
The time when we must onward go:  
There silent and alone softly tread  
To the horizon at last stood still,  
And give the way to those who come behind,  
For we shall have known the supreme moment,  
And, turning, join the resting dead,  
Within their midst, eternal rest to find.  
—R. Douglas Archibald.

## Carol Service

On Sunday, December the 10th, the  
Students' Executive Council is sponsoring a  
carol service in Divinity Chapel. This  
Service is open to all interested, and we  
hope that the student body will be well  
represented.

We are constantly reminded of the fact  
that, in the future, it is to the university  
students of today that the world will look  
for its leaders. These leaders will not only  
be expected to have superior academic  
knowledge, they must also be able to help  
the world spiritually. In our lectures and  
discussion groups we have ample opportunity  
for sharing our interests along intellectual  
or scientific lines. Rarely, however, have we  
the chance to meet together as Christians  
and share our spiritual lives with fellow-students.  
Many of us are affiliated with various  
churches, but as a student body we do little to improve ourselves  
spiritually, and thus prepare ourselves  
more fully for our work in the future.  
Surely this Carol Service presents an  
opportunity for all Christians on the Campus  
to meet, forgetting any minor differences  
of doctrine which may exist between them,  
and celebrate together the birth of Christ  
—an event which has changed so radically  
the lives of all of us.

The modern student has often been ac-  
cused of extreme materialism and a lack  
of interest in anything which does not de-  
pend solely on cold, hard logic. We as a  
group of students have an immediate way  
of showing that this is not true. It is to be  
hoped that many of the students will take  
up this challenge, and show their approval  
of the service by giving it every support  
possible in attending and bringing their  
friends.

## Universe

Endless blackness, endless night;  
Great spheres of fire, blinding light.  
Empty vastness; tides of flame;  
Dark planets wheeling  
Harsh barren bitter;  
Thus is the Universe.

Perponderous mass; inconceivable strain  
Rogue star passing; heaped mountains of flame.  
Hot atoms cooling condensing conforming  
Matter to energy diffusing through space;  
Suns slowly dying  
Thus is the Universe.

Life for a minute, living things growing,  
City blue above and smooth green flowing.  
Cities unrearing, civilization, decadence.  
Life for a minute, primaries waning,  
Cold planets dying.  
Thus is the Universe.

Endless blackness, endless night;  
Great spheres of fire, blinding light.  
Unlimited vastness, extending engulfing  
Dark planets wheeling.  
Harsh barren bitter,  
Thus is the Universe.

—F. H. Jr.

## The Lost Oasis

by  
Joy R. Powles

Yes, I was his best friend. No other  
Meant as much to me, more than a brother.  
We'd been together since our first days  
In the force; again and again on patrol together.  
He knew the history of this land by heart.  
Some others thought it just a craze,  
But a little path, a chip of stone, a bit of feather  
Would fire him. It was all a part  
Of the ageless history lying behind us here.  
One day he told me of that strange lost oasis  
And how the Persian army had been lost.  
He never told the others. They thought him  
rather queer.  
But he was always looking for the oasis,  
Searching for it every time we crossed  
The desert on our grim patrol.

Nothing has mattered much since he went west  
Though I've been downed, wounded, and back  
to rest.  
It's all been senseless since that day.  
He said it was a test flight then.

But I knew when I saw him fly that way,  
Right into the south with his plane agame in  
the setting sun.

I knew he would go. My heart ached when  
I saw the look in his eyes, as if all joy in life  
were done,

As he told me once more about it; the lake, the  
roses and the girl,  
Grey eyes, curls and lapislazuril—I don't know  
how to tell

This story, more like a dream made in the  
whirl

Of sands, and thirst, and desert torture,  
The delusion of a man who'd been through hell.  
And yet, five days without water, that's not  
right.

I can't explain it. More than torture,  
It would be death. I can only tell the tale.  
He lost his way. Some wind put off his flight.  
His petrol, running low, might fail.

There was only shifting sands and steely shi-  
mering sky.

Then, all at once in a dip between the dunes  
He saw the oasis with trees and a little lake  
smiling to the skies

There were little white houses, and roses  
everywhere

Which filled the air with the sweetness of  
their blooms

And made it all as magic as a dream.

He looked and saw a girl smiling at him there,  
A girl with eyes like desert dawn and lapis-  
lazuril in her golden hair.

Fantastic! It must have been a dream.

And yet—She could not understand him, only  
said her name.

"Karia," she said. They seemed to understand.  
Then an old man, like Isaac or like Moses came  
Out of one of the houses and asked him in.

That night he strolled with Karia through the  
moonlit land.

He said (I don't know how) he had to leave  
But promised to come back. She must have  
understood.

The patrol picked him up, delirious, in the  
desert.

He told me the story later. I had to believe.  
I had to, though it seemed like a dream. But  
for these facts I would

Think it was only the delirious fever of the  
desert.

But that doesn't matter now. Dream or not  
It changed him from that day.

There was always a lonely hunger in his eyes.

He went about his work caught by the vision.

So when I saw him fly that way,

South, south, south as they say the oasis lies,

I knew he had gone. I flew as far as I dared  
to go.

Though without much hope, and I couldn't find  
a trace.

Perhaps there's a wreck which the sands

Blow over and hide. Perhaps he reached the  
place.

O yes, I would have said so too, a fevered  
vision. But for these things:

He was five days without water. A man can't  
do that and live.

And when later I was tidying up his things

I found this, but kept it and didn't give  
it in with the rest. They wouldn't understand,  
you see.

Under his pillow, a golden curl and a piece of  
lapislazuril.

## Christmas and Officer Muldoon

*Continued from Page One*

pearling from one of the apple-annie stands, and a sudden flurry of rags streaking for cover. Just then a burst of wounded Italian broke out. As he tried to soothe the injured woman he heard a passerby say in high indignation, "I don't know what this world is coming to. When policemen start stealing from a poor woman selling apples, then I say, Mable, it's time for the Revolution."

Leaning over the railing of the subway dugout, Petey struggled hard for his breath. He had been doing a lot this afternoon. For his young thirteen years, Petey-boy had piled up an impressive amount of concentrated perverseness. Leading his own gang in Hell's Kitchen at the age of nine, he realized what a hard, cruel world it was when, the following year he found himself in a boys reformatory. He financed his career there and bought life's little comforts by means of his precocious talent as a poker-player. He broke out after a few short months, was apprehended, and promptly reinstated as Convict No. 1. Refusing to be discouraged, he kept making little sallies into the outside world, making life miserable for all the begging and semi-begging classes of Forty-Second to Fifteenth (his particular sphere of interest), to say nothing of Muldoon, who always found himself pitted against the young felon. This was Innate Williams' latest out, and apparently he was in a particularly gay mood.

Muldoon suddenly spotted the small convict and flew after him at top speed. The child instantly came to life and darted through the crowds on Broadway, feeling the breath of his pursuer hot upon his neck. He wove his way in and out amid the traffic, keeping Muldoon, puffing and cursing, at a respectable distance behind. Muldoon tore through the crowd knocking people to right and left, himself slipping and stumbling on the icy pavement. Eventually on the corner of Fifteenth he realized that he had been outwitted again. People shuffled about him muttering, "For shame. Look at the size of the little boy."

At that moment Muldoon realized that he was looking at the size of the little boy with his back turned as he attempted to pick up a stick of gum from a drug store display case. Muldoon slipped in behind him, and before Petey-boy could look up, he felt an iron hand clamp down on his collar. Trapped! Petey-boy reacted. Instantly he began to kick, bite and scratch, squirming and wriggling like a young eel. Muldoon, never a good conversationalist found his vocabulary limited to "Ouches," and yelps, plus only one or two stronger things, for he was a God-fearing man. Muldoon, however, though stirred to the depths, held on fast, and led the young felon to the nearest police car, which roared through the city punctuated with the howlings of the cornered wolflet.

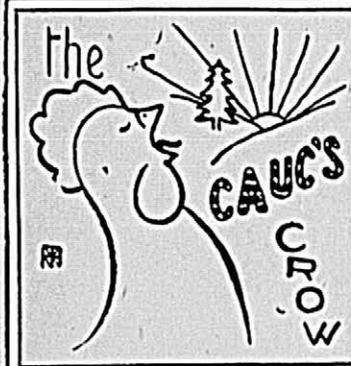
Night court was stuffy and crowded that night, reeking with the smell of liquor from too many Christmas revellers. The judge was in a particularly benign and mellow mood. With each thirty day sentence he threw in a touching homily on the evils of crime on Christmas. The judge did quite a lot of thinking about social disorders.

As the judge was stuffing his papers into his brief case on his way home, he heard the sound of a wildly sobbing child, and there was a small ragged figure of woe sobbing his eyes out, wildly protesting against his unreasonable arrest and collecting himself occasionally to give poor Muldoon a vicious kick in the shins. Instantly the judge's humane heart was completely melted.

"Stop picking on this fine little lad, Muldoon," the judge said severely. "Come here my poor little fellow." The boy choked in his last sob, and trotted obediently to the judge's bench.

"Please, sir," whimpered the crushed Petey-boy. "I don't want to go to jail. Why it's Christmas eve." This brought forth a fresh outbreak of sobbing, amongst which the judge could understand a few isolated words like turkey, and Mom and Santa Claus. The judge enveloped the still crying boy in his arms and snarled to Muldoon. "See here, Muldoon. What do you mean by wasting your time picking up this harmless lad. You should be ashamed. What do you think we are paying you for anyway? To pick up a mischievous child? Come, come, Muldoon!" There, there, my little fellow," he continued petting Petey, who quickly realized which way the land lay, and began tapering off his sobs with violent sniffs. "Muldoon, take this poor little lad home to his mother, who must be worried sick, buy him a huge Christmas dinner, some presents, and don't forget to get a Christmas tree."

"But your Honor what about his prison record? He . . ."



On one of these beautiful mornings lately one coed from Jamaica said she would give a lot for some Jamaica sunshine. So would I, but the cussed Q.L.C. is always fresh out.

All these rumors about Mr. Bunting killing that fury beast with his bare hands and pulling the peeling off him single-handed to make his coat, are false. The truth of the matter is he shot the critter with his trusty transit.

CAUCS-as for battledrill-tell off!

I am the section commander. I carry a pencil, a T-square, a notebook, a slide rule, an ice pick, a bottle opener, a soda siphon, and various other articles the use of which I have not ascertained-Sir!

And on Saturday comes another one of those famous Douglas Hall dances. Bigger and better than ever with Santa Claus n'everthing.

A handsome reward is offered by the CAUCS for any information as to the whereabouts of the lady who prophesies the end of the world. Obviously she knows plenty about our coming Math. examination.

**Etiquette**

(Soldierly advice by an old soldier)

As a good many of the boys will be going home in uniform for the first time a few words of advice might be in order.

About walking on the street with a lady. If she is the girl-friend you will probably strain every muscle trying to get both arms around her as you walk. This counts as double time and looks very graceful as you scuttle crabwise down the street.

If she is your sister—keep hold on one arm and keep pulling her away from the store windows with muttered curses at women in general.

If she be a stranger—walk three paces behind and slightly to the left, whistling softly.

Those of you who are still reading certainly deserve the best of everything. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and the best of luck in the New Year.

**PART THREE ORDERS**

It is said to have appeared in Part III orders that in the near future the central heating plant for Douglas Hall is going to close down. The rooms will be heated by the fireplace. All personnel are to be prepared to fall out for fuel parade with kit bags in the alert position.

That's about all for now, and a fine yield often 23.74 acre of stony ground. I calls it.

**U.A.T.C.**

**Special Notice**

There will be a class test in Theory of Flight on Thursday at 1700 hours in the first year draughting room, Engineering Bldg.

J. M. Pierce, Instructor.

**Lost**

Will the fellow who took my greatcoat by mistake from the Armoury cloakroom on Tuesday please contact John Warren at CL. 8474, or see me in English 2 class on Thursday in seat Y-6, and get his own coat in exchange. I'd like to get my own gloves back. Thanks.

**Optimist!**



## Around the Globe

Moscow: The Red Army has linked their Cherkasy and Kremenchug bridgeheads on the west bank of the middle Dnieper, completely clearing the Germans from a 65-mile stretch of vital territory.

Quebec: The Provincial Legislature will meet shortly and will be called upon to enact such amendment to the labor law as may be necessary to prevent the recurrence of such things as the recent strikes in Montreal, according to an announcement from Premier Godbout.

Algiers: Indian and Canadian troops of Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's Eighth Army have carved out a firm five mile wide bridgehead north of the Moro river on the Italian Adriatic Coast.

# Christmas Party Held Saturday



### Student Executive Holds Service At Divinity Hall

#### George Brewer Is Organist For Carol Sing

The annual Christian carol service to be held in Divinity Hall Chapel, University street, on Sunday, December 19, at 7:30 p.m., is this year being sponsored by the Students' Executive Council. "This," stated a member of the committee, "was planned in order to give the service a wider appeal to the student body at large, being a general student affair rather than a function of one or two campus clubs."

This year, too, there will be no special choir selections, and the congregation will be able to take part in all the singing. The organ will be played by George M. Brewer, organist of the Church of the Messiah. The program will consist of the singing of favourite Christmas hymns and carols, interspersed with appropriate Scripture readings of the Christmas story. There will be no speaker.

### Georgians Form New Cosmo Club

#### S.U.S. Inspired To Take Action By McGill Club

The first organizational meeting of the newly formed Sir George Williams Cosmopolitan Club is taking place this evening in the Central Y.M.C.A. This club is being formed by a number of students of that college who previously took part in the activities of the McGill club, and was first suggested by the S.U.S., the undergraduate body of that university, in a letter from the McGill Cosmopolitan Club. The fullest possible co-operation in the future is planned between the two clubs.

During the past summer, several meetings took place between Don Berringer, the secretary of the S.U.S., and the executive of the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was then that the formation of the new club was first suggested. The S.U.S. ratified an invitation from the McGill club to allow member of that college to participate in Cosmopolitan Club activities for the present session with a view to the ultimate formation of this new club.

After a strong publicity campaign in the Georgian, the new club has finally taken shape, with the strong and active support of Don Berringer, and also of George Bishop and Annaliza Paju, the day division and night division editors of the Georgian. A number of other prominent S.G.W.C. students are also showing an active interest in Canada's newest Cosmopolitan Club.

## Around the Globe

Toronto, Dec. 15. —(CUP)— Sir Ernest MacMillan, composer and conductor of the Toronto Symphony was the guest of honor last night at a banquet given by the Faculty of Music of the University of Toronto in the Hart House. On behalf of the faculty members, he was given a portrait of himself, painted by Kenneth Forbes.

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Algiers: Indian and Canadian troops of Gen. Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's Eighth Army have carved out a firm five mile wide bridgehead north of the Moro river on the Italian Adriatic Coast.

#### Goldberg to Address Christmas Hymn-sing

The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship will hold a Christmas hymn-sing on Sunday evening at nine o'clock in Student House, 3445 Peel street. This hymn-sing will follow the Carol Service which is taking place in Divinity Hall.

The guest speaker at the hymn-sing will be Carl Goldberg, Montreal Secretary of the American Mission to the Jews. Mr. Goldberg has been in this work since his escape from the Nazi occupation of his native Austria.

#### Santa Claus Visits Daily Friday Night

#### Staff Frolics In Celebration Of Christmas

by D.E.W.

The chimney of the Union is square. Santa Claus will enter Friday night and present all worthy members of The Daily staff with Christmas presents. Already the "Spirit of Christmas Present" has entered The Daily office, and no doubt St. Nick is pleased, for he has sent a special communiqué to The Daily informing them of his intention to come to the party for the staff of this newspaper on Friday with presents for all who attend.

All members who attend the party are requested to bring with them a present costing not more than 25c. This is the only price of admission.

Once again M.E. and I have come through. Not only have we obtained decorations that outfit all previous decorations anywhere, but we have found the long-sought-for mistletoe. Since the decorations have been established somewhat firmly in the Daily office, the party will be held here also.

Entertainment will be provided at the Party in the form of Jukebox dancing, games, and food. There will also be a Christmas "message" from the Editor-in-Chief. This will allow everyone to wish each other a Merry Christmas, and the Christmas Season will be declared officially opened.

The Daily has established several Christmas customs and traditions. These are listed in paragraph three, subsections five, section 1, 9, 999, 864 of Daily rules and regulations. They are as follows:

The Editor-in-Chief will deliver a Christmas "Message" officially opening Christmas on the campus.

A Christmas party must be held by the staff of The Daily to celebrate this occasion.

Decorations must be in abundance.

Mistletoe should be provided under the restriction "nothing to excess."

With these provisions the staff may celebrate Christmas in whatever manner it desires.

Once again Christmas is here.

Once again the Christmas Issue of The Daily has been "put to bed."

And once again in the words of the immortal bard we extend "A Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

#### SIR ERNEST MACMILLAN ATTENDS BANQUET

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### Ted Johnson, Noted Missionary Addresses S.C.M.

#### Church Secretary Tells Experiences In Manchuria

Yesterday at an S.C.M. luncheon Mr. Ted Johnson, missionary-secretary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, gave talk on his experiences as a missionary. Mr. Johnson, who was active in mission work in Manchuria for six years prior to the war, pointed out that a lack of interest in the missions was apparent throughout the Christian Church in Canada.

He expressed the opinion that perhaps this was due to the misconceptions of missionary work which many people hold. One of the questions most frequently asked him, he said, was, "What right have we to impose our faith upon people of other lands?" He said that in the first place, to call the Christian faith our faith is wrong, for it did not originate with us or with any of the western peoples; in that sense, it is not exclusively ours.

Secondly, such a question presumes that other religions are equally true as the Christian religion. Actually, this statement is *Continued on Page Five*

### French Play Given Tonight

#### Comedy Deals With Intrigue Of Two Sisters

La Societe Francais will stage as their annual production "A Quoi Revenent Les Jeunes Filles" today, at 8:15 p.m. at Moyse Hall. It is produced and directed by Maud Whittaker, president, and Mlle. M. Barratte, vice-president of the Society. The principal members of the cast are Nicole Steel, Francine Walter, Mary Place, Paul Meyer, Tony Frisch, Irving Massey, Kenneth Innis and Tom Cassier.

The play is an important event in the schedule of La Societe Francais. It is a nineteenth century farce, revolving about the intrigue of two marriageable sisters. Costumes of the period will be used and the dialogue will be completely in French.

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Their protests were strong and unanimous and rather successful because the Nazi authorities did not find it opportune at the time to go to further lengths as they were having difficulty with the schools and the church as well.

The play is a comedy in two acts.

The usual seasonal decorations, of

A Christmas party will be on hand,

complete with mistletoe, a Christmas tree, and a live Santa Clause,

who will officiate as Master of Distribution.

**Gifts to be Brought**

The admission fee to this party,

which is scheduled to begin at 8:30 p.m., will be thirty-five cents for members of the club and a dime more for non-members.

In addition to this, every person attending

the party is expected to bring some small Christmas present with them,

the value of which must not under any circumstances be greater than fifteen cents.

These presents will be piled under the tree, and at the appointed hour will be distributed among all the revellers present by Santa Claus, who will be portrayed lustily by a certain West Indian student who has several times played this part with considerable effect in the years past.

### Professor Locke Discusses Racial Differences in War

By M. S.

Last night Alain Locke, Professor of Philosophy at Howard University in Washington, addressed the Sociological Society. Speaking on "Race in the Present World Crisis," this slight, white-haired Negro gentleman fascinated his audience. He brought home to his listeners that in this world of great turbulence there is a grave problem of racial discrimination.

A great many of the minority problems are now becoming known to other minorities, he stated, and although there is no definite step towards the common cause, there is a tendency towards cooperation of the various communities.

Referring to the United States' Pan-American policy, Professor Locke stated that in his opinion this policy would assuredly fail, as the politicians in charge were only making upper classes in South America, contact with members of the and yet, in order to establish a firm and real understanding, it was necessary to contact all strata of society.

### Cosmo-B.W.I. Dance Features World Carols, Good-Will Ceremony

#### Students in National Dress to Light Candles As Symbol of Unity

The Cosmopolitan Club-British West Indian Society joint Christmas party on Saturday is to be dominated by one central theme this year, according to the Committee in charge. The central motif of the celebration will be that of international peace and good-will, true to the spirit of all that Christmas stands for in the civilized world. To symbolize this theme, the whole program for the evening will build up to a climax in a candle lighting

ceremony, in which the principals will be students from various nations in their national costumes.

This candle lighting was inspired for the occasion by the marathon run in which a relay of some of the greatest runners of the world, representing all nations, carried the flame of international good-will overland, on foot, from Mount Olympus in Greece to Berlin, on the occasion of the Olympic games meet held near that city in the summer of 1936. It is a symbol of unity of aim and spirit among the students, and indeed all the young people, of the world. And it is the expressed hope of the two clubs that it may not prove to be quite as empty of meaning as was its more famous predecessor.

**Carols Will Be Sung**

A further previously unannounced part of the program for the evening will be the singing of some of the favorite carols of the world, both English, European and Asiatic, in their original languages by students from France, Luxembourg, China, Yugoslavia, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Russia and Austria, and the English ones by the whole party. It was learnt that in addition to the singing and lighting of candles, the more usual aspects of a party have not been forgotten. Music and dancing will be featured, with a midnight intermission during which a sit-down meal will be served.

The usual seasonal decorations, of a Christmas party will be on hand, complete with mistletoe, a Christmas tree, and a live Santa Clause, who will officiate as Master of Distribution.

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#### Szeryng Will Present Polish Recital at R.V.C.

Henry Szeryng, eminent Polish violinist, will present a recital for McGill students and friends this Friday at 5:15 p.m. in R.V.C. auditorium. Mr. Szeryng, under the authorization of the Polish government, is attempting to further the knowledge of Polish music in the world. In his American debut at Carnegie Hall he was received with favour, and has since received the praise of many eminent music critics.

John Mellor will direct the production this year as usual, and rehearsals will start immediately following casting in January. Owing to the indefiniteness of the first selected play, the cast of the new play will be expected to rehearse the play in a shorter time than usual. Further announcements regarding casting will be announced in The Daily early in the New Year.

**Around the Campus**

Today: Societe Francais presents Musset's play "A quoi Reve les Jeunes Filles" . . . Joint meeting of the Historical Clubs in the R.V.C. Common Room at 8:30 p.m.

**Tomorrow: Daily Christmas Party!!!**

**Saturday: Yippee, last day of lectures! . . . Cosmo-B.W.I. Dance in the Union Ballroom.**

**Sunday: Carol Service sponsored by the Students' Executive Council in Divinity Hall.**

**Dec**



You, then, at least, remained as you have always been,  
Celestial multitudes! Have we not often seen  
You there above—silent, aloof, serene and cold  
Staring at us—singing, as we have sung of old  
Our old, old songs of peace? Like sheep bleating  
at you  
We had to cease. For worldly peace with you  
had naught to do,  
Had naught to do with Gods and naught with  
Heavens  
For our sin and song to us, and not to you be-  
long.  
Dare not to judge us—Gods—judge not your  
Heavens  
For as your judgment be will you be judged ere  
long.  
Do not forgive nor pity us for our folly  
Only remain, we pray, as you have always been.  
Give us but time to make this night and all  
nights holy,  
Silent, as you are there, aloof, complete, serene.

—A. J. Frisch.

## The Ukraine

**U**KRAINIANS all over the world, revere and cherish their beautiful, religious traditions. They cling to them as to the most precious treasures, and indeed, precious treasures they are for it is these old traditions, passed on from generation to generation that make them a pious, historic, genuine and colorful people. These customs are many and varied depending on the locality and occasion, but the spirit is the same regardless of all else.

Perhaps the most beautiful traditions are those associated with Christmas for these are observed with deep religious feeling. On this great occasion of the birth of Christ, celebrated on January 7th according to the Julian calendar, the people rejoice not because an extra sumptuous feast is awaiting them, but because they can once more voice the birth of Christ, our Deliverer, in carols of cheer and gladness; because on this occasion they meet their friends and relatives with no ordinary salutation but with a devout "Christ is born", and hear in response, "Praise unto Him".

This devout sentiment is marked in their preparation for the Christmas Season. During the whole month before Christmas, they observe a period of solemn fast which ends with the Holy Night. However, the Christmas season is cheerfully heralded by the arrival of Santa Claus (a few weeks before Christmas Day) with all his glory including the angels who help in distributing the gifts to the well-behaved, and the

"good-natured" devil who rejoices in distributing to the "naughty". In the process of such a long, long journey, however, the angels and the devil become good friends and work hand in hand so that a gift is usually accompanied by a rod too... This system does away with hard feelings very neatly. The gifts and the rod, unless too big, are put under the pillow of the wishful sleeper at midnight. In the morning the children wake up wild with excitement and compare to see who has found the bigger lump under his pillow, and look contemptuously for the "goodie-goodie" who didn't get a rod. This goes on all day but the all-important event is to come in the evening when they are to go with their parents to the town hall, and see "Santa" and his attendants in person. There, after an elaborate introduction and some personal interviews, they receive the rest of their presents and perhaps another rod... This, indeed, is the happiest day of the year for the youngsters, but at the same time they are sufficiently impressed by the rod-benefactor's warning to behave themselves.

The next excitement consists of carol singing. On Christmas Eve, the appearance of the first star marks the beginning of the Holy Night supper. This star is eagerly watched by the children, who at the sight of it hurry through their supper, rushing out in twos and threes to make the rounds from house to house singing carols for which they are rewarded with pennies and sweet meats. They find great delight in this pleasant task and sing late into the night.

The Holy Night supper is

strictly a family celebration and it might be said that it is the most important one of the whole Christmas season. The supper consists of twelve different courses, and is spread out on a table covered with a richly embroidered cloth. Beneath the table cloth there is a thin layer of hay and under the table, there is some straw. Both these signify the fact that Christ was born in a stable. Kubla, boiled wheat seasoned with honey and poppy seeds symbolizes Christmas. Before sitting down to the Holy Supper, all the members of the family kneel while the head of the family prays and asks for a blessing. After wishing the family health and prosperity he takes a spoonful or two of Kubla as an expression of goodwill, and the rest of the family does the same. Among other traditional dishes are Holubec, cabbage leaves stuffed with seasoned rice, Borsch, a delicious cream of beet soup, Pyrohy, a kind of dumpling filled with fruits, Pampushki, a form of doughnut without the hole filled with raisins or jam and a variety of luscious mushroom and fish dishes. Once the meal is over the rest of the evening is spent singing carols and decorating the Christmas tree. Then before retiring, the uneaten portions of the dishes are left neatly around the three loaves of Kolachi (white, braided bread) which are piled up with a bees wax candle on the top loaf. These loaves represent the Holy Trinity and the food is left for the departed ones of the family, who return during this night to share the Holy Supper.

Christmas Day begins with a magnificent, inspiring morning

Continued on Page Five

## Ireland

Christmas Day is kept in Ireland in very much the same way as in Canada but the setting is different. Snow is a very unusual event. The days of course are short and close in by four in the afternoon but the weather is usually mild and agreeable. The last rose of summer may still be blooming in some sheltered corner and the first violet may already be out. Outdoor occupations are more easily followed and perhaps most people spend the morning in a walk or even a game of golf. A true Christmas atmosphere is given by the ever present robin redbreast and the many holly trees with their bright red berries. In the evenings before Christmas carol singing parties are much commoner than in Canada.

The festivities are similar to those here but Christmas trees are not common though the inside of the house is plentifully decorated with holly, ivy and mistletoe. We do not have cranberry sauce but the dinner is otherwise the same. Perhaps the central ceremony in Ireland takes place in the later afternoon when the whole family gathers around a bright turf or log fire. The rest of the house is usually cold, the warm fire gives a welcome glow, the lamps are not yet lit and the light of the wood flames flickers on the walls and ceilings. Somehow in later years it is these cosy evenings that we remember.

John R. Martin.

## Christmas

### upon the face of the earth



This is the story of Christmas in the far places of the earth. It is the story of the spirit of Christmas, when, in the name of a baby born nearly two thousand years ago, thoughts of strife and hatred are laid aside and in their place men believe once more, if only for a day, in "peace on earth, goodwill to men." It doesn't matter whether the day of gladness is marked by a holy midnight mass in a little French-Canadian snow-covered town, or whether it is the day when the sangba sounds forth more rhythmic than ever in its jungle time somewhere in Africa, or whether it is the day of swimming on Jamaica beaches or dancing on Rio streets... it is still the day which the Lord hath made, and man rejoices in it and is grateful.

## French-Canada

**I**T was nearing midnight in Quebec on Dec. 24th—Mrs. Gagnon was gathering the whole family for midnight mass. There was Claude the eldest son, who had just arrived from overseas with his wife, there was the newly wedded Francine and the other nine children. The five youngsters had been in bed all evening to rest before the big celebration, and in feverish sleep, they had dreamt of the Evening Star, of snow crystals and jewelled Christmas trees. And now the hour was come to enter this fairy land which Christmas brought every year with equal splendor. But Christmas is first a religious celebration, and amusement must come only after mass, so they all muttered a discrete "Bonjour" to each other, and said no more. Then they crowded in an old fashioned carriage (you could not go to midnight mass in a car if you were in the Gagnon family), and the horses, incited by the jingle bells, trotted briskly to St. Dominique church. The altar and vaults were laden with gold inscriptions and crimson red flowers. The priest had put on the pink chasuble which is worn only twice a year; and as the sacred mystery of mass was proceeding, the best choir of the parish sang the endless series of carols and hymns telling of the birth of Christ. At the time of consecration all the faithful stepped up to receive Holy Communion. The ceremony lasted until nearly two o'clock, because the priest is allowed to say three masses on that day. And when it was through, Pierre Gagnon, the father, brought his family to see the large crib on the side of the altar, where a wax Jesus lay in his swaddling clothes, with the blessed Virgin and the Shepherds who came from all surrounding hills; and little Paul Gagnon, little Jean and little Louise all wished they too were shepherds.

Back in their spacious house on Grande Allée, they saw the Christmas tree for the first time. It had never been so beautiful and laden with such large presents, although year after year it had been huge and covered with red, green and white parcels, because each one had a present for father, mother, brothers and sisters, and also a present to put in the basket for the poor. Oh! and now came Uncle Vic and Uncle Henri; but where was cousin George? Could it be that he had borrowed Santa's suit, could he be the Santa sitting near the

Continued on Page Six

## Czechoslovakia

**C**HRISTMAS throughout the world is a season of rejoicing, of memories and of a strengthening of the bonds which ties man to his fellow human beings. In peacetime it is a time for the reunion of family circles and the renewal of old friendships.

Today, in a world filled with war, and with many peoples overrun by a barbaric horde of oppressors, the observance of Christ's birth is a symbol of hope and faith in the rebirth of a peaceful, kindler age.

In the middle of the European Continent is Czechoslovakia, where in happier days, the observance of Christmas was as joyous a season as in Canada.

A prelude to the festivities is the arrival of St. Nicholas on the night of December 5. He is known in English countries as Santa Claus. He and his entourage travel about the countryside, hanging stockings filled with goodies on the windows of children's rooms.

Christmas proper is observed on Christmas Eve. The day is filled with momentous, hurried, secret preparations. The children scamper about the house, full of expectation, while mother is busy cooking in the kitchen. Relatives and friends arrive from time to time, bearing mysterious packages, which are promptly hidden away. Finally the long awaited hour arrives and the family gathers for the supper. It consists of fish roe soup, black carp' cooked in wine with a highly flavoured sauce of many vegetables, and an apple strudle, (an apple roll of infinitely thin pastry).

After supper, the family goes to the parlor where, to everybody's amazement, a gloriously decorated fir tree has suddenly grown up. It was put up during the day by father and the elder children. Under the tree is a model of the manger, complete with the animals

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## Africa



CHRISTMAS is a community affair, like everything else in Sierra Leone, and its celebration takes on the flavor of a national holiday instead of a festival of the Christian minority. Christmas comes when the six-month long dry season has just had a good start, and the services of a weather-prophet are not needed to assure the happy celebrants that no rain will interfere with their festivities. The schoolchildren, besides, are at this time enjoying the longest vacation of the year, a seven-week break from the daily grind, and the rich rice harvest recently gathered in ensures plenty to eat for all.

Being a community affair it means dancing and feasting more than anything else. For several days before, and for several days after December 25 the incessant drumming of the "Sangba", (an eye-glass shaped drum with its own percussion units attached) announces a dance going on in one neighborhood or other. And the women are busy all day long removing the husks of rice, down to the vitamin-coated grain, in the wooden mortars with seven-foot pestles with a rhythm as fascinating as that of the drums. The more rice cleaned, the more feasting. And nearby are the unsuspecting chickens and goats which are destined to enrich the brown gravy without which a rice meal is not a rice meal.

Early on Christmas morning the Christian children begin their round of singing of the local carol, "Good Morning, Good Morning, I've just come to tell you that this is Christmas morning." They might end with a nice long swim at the river until the peals of the church-bell announces, "Boys! girls! come to church."

The service lasts until noon, and as at Easter, the church aisles and altar are decked with palms and flowers. Meanwhile the drumming of the Mohammedans and ancestor-worshipping non-Christian, and non-Mohammedans reminds the preacher not to be too long-winded.

Church over, feasting begins. There is no family dinner on anything even so faintly exclusive. There is plenty of rice and gravy and meat, or delicious "jolloff" rice (like the Chinese dish, "Fried rice"), at any house for anyone, and it is served all day, with homemade ginger-beer. This is a very convenient arrangement for outdoor dancing under the tropic sun is a real appetite builder.

Outdoors one either joins in dancing the latest "jokong" or "lembi", or else watches the professional dancers from the children's dancing school, or the equally supple-limbed young ladies from the Bondo Society. Or one might be more interested in the thrills offered by the local magician who can, in plain sight of all, produce a wild leopard from nowhere and make it disappear again, and has a repertoire of acts that would put a western Houdini to shame. If one is interested in magic, one only needs to go to the next neighborhood, or the next, where either a snake-charmer is thrilling his audience with his collection of eight to ten-foot black and yellow mambas, cobras and pythons, or by an acrobat twirling around on his toes on a rope slung between two swaying bamboo poles 30-50 feet high.

And so it goes, for days before and days after, feasting and dancing and professional entertainers, free to all, making Christmas the happiest season of all in a country where each occasion is a festive one, and where Santa Clause and his reindeers, would be as out-of-place and unwelcome as a "White Christmas", and sub-zero temperatures.

John Karefa-Smart.

## Brazil



ELIZ NATAL!—"Happy Christmas!" Once again the age-old salutation echoes over the vast Brazilian Republic. From the lush green Amazon jungles to the fertile farmlands of the South, Christmas is in the air, and yearly festivities are being held in the tiny mud huts of the peasants and the streamlined skyscrapers of Copacabana Beach. But instead of huddling indoors while outside a chill wind whirrs the deep snow into smooth banks, the Brazilian is celebrating his Christmas 'mas'neath the clear blue skies and the golden sun of a midsummer day.

Dawn finds the children eagerly delving in their stockings for toys and gifts, and every church is filled to capacity for the morning mass while devout hundreds kneel on the steps outside the doors. However the sea beaches are also crowded, and the soft white sands are dotted with gaily coloured beach umbrellas beneath which tanned seaside dwellers lazily relax, sleeping, listening to a portable radio, or just pitching quoits. The more energetic ones play football and other beach games, or bathe in the sparkling blue sea. A heaving roller shows a head of foaming white, and with a chorus of "Olha proa!"—"Look out in front!"—a long line of perhaps five score youths come flashing in on the speeding surf. One by one they lose momentum and drop out, until a mere handful are left to zig-zag through the crowd of bathers close inshore. Here some will inevitably collide with beautiful brunettes, while the remainder will in one last glorious swoop land high and dry on the beach.

In the interior, far from the beaches, people go for picnics among the shady bamboo groves high on the mountains, or spend the morning riding or walking over the rolling green countryside. Others just sleep.

When the mid-day meal is ready, everyone takes a deep breath and sits down to face a full plate and a brimming glass. Many eat the traditional turkey, while others prefer to have a complete and super-colossal "feijoada"—the national dish of Brazil. This consists of rice and delicious black beans mixed with morsels of almost every kind of meat imaginable, while the liquid refreshment there is a potent firewater known as "cachassa" which every Disney fan will remember, nearly sent Donald Duck to the Seventh Heaven in "Saludos Amigos."

After the meal silence is the order of the day, and a brief siesta is enjoyed by all. Then, when the sun has lost its full intensity, the foot-ball stadiums, golf links and parks are filled with white-clad holiday folk, while some enthusiasts will go back to the beaches for a short swim, or, if the surf riding is good, to enjoy another couple of hours of that unsurpassed sport.

In the athletic clubs and dance halls there are children's parties from about three o'clock to six o'clock, and Santa Claus—"Papae Noel"—is there with a Christmas tree and a sackfull of toys. Outside the President's palace in Rio a long queue of less fortunate children are given toys, candy and Christmas foods through a scheme run by Madame Vargas, the President's wife, and other leading socialites.

Continued on Page Six

# Redmen Are Ready for Holiday Ice Contests

## To Oppose Navy, Army In Important Fixtures; Second Place at Stake

Practices Resume Next Week; Coach Satisfied with Condition Despite Gruelling Games Played

As all faithful perusers of these columns devoted to the sporting activities of McGill's athletic stalwarts know full well by this time, the Red and White hockey aggregation has two "crooshal" games scheduled for the Christmas holidays. In case anyone did not catch the dates the first time, the Redmen take on the boys in Navy Blues on the twenty-third and the Longue Pointe Ordinance soldiers on the 27th. The days are Thursday and Monday, respectively and the time in both cases is 8:00 p.m.

While it is sometimes considered rather trite to say that a hockey game will promise "thrills and spills galore", fans can rest assured that these two tilts will furnish them with some of the best action seen in the N.D.H.L. this year. The Collegians would like nothing better than to have "ole St. Nick" present them with four points in the standings as his parting shot for 1943.

McGill, Navy, and Army are all tied up for second place in the standings with three points each, while Guido Roy and his Airmen lead the pack with seven points to their credit. Baz O'Meara's Prince Urabi, (or is it Elmer Ferguson's or Dink Carroll's) that cognosticator par excellence and sportdom's Enstine when it comes to mathematics, has just dashed in with the startling announcement that two wins for James McGill's representatives would put them right up with the Flyers, providing the latter drop both their games during the holidays. However he was finally convinced that this was rather a highly hypothetical line of reasoning and that the best McGill could be certain of was to enter the New Year firmly entrenched in second place.

As soon as the Ice Capades have taken their decorative routines to farther horizons and the Forum has taken on its usual appearance, Lorne White will have his charges out practising to make up for the long layoff since their last game against the Air Force. Despite the rough usage the team has received at the hands of the Service squads, all the boys seem to have come through pretty well with but a few bruises suffered here and there and will be all set to return to the hockey wars on the twenty-third.

## Coach Walker Finds Poor Physical Conditions

In an interview last night, Charles Walker, one of the world's foremost authorities on body-building, and recently appointed coach of the McGill Weightlifters Club, said that he was appalled at the physical condition of the average college student.

Mr. Walker stated that the purpose of a university should be to develop both the mind and the body. "This," he said, "is not being done. I find that the whole group of students may be divided into two classes. One type tends to develop the mind at the expense of the body. This individual is defeating his own purpose for a healthy mind cannot exist unless there is a healthy body to house it. This fact is robbing us of the services of the most productive years of some of our greatest scientists, physicians, chemists and others, for these men are cut down in the prime of life by diseases which are easily traceable to improper living."

The other group, which are in the minority tend to develop the body at the expense of the mind. These boys would attain their ends more easily by joining an athletic club rather than coming to a University."

Mr. Walker stated that the Arts students are getting the most from their college career. They have some time for recreation and exercise. Engineering and Medical students do not. To quote Mr. Walker directly:

"The condition of the average engineering and medical student is deplorable. If the heads of the above faculties are trying to create a race of super engineers they are certainly failing, for I know, several medical students who have themselves required the services of a physician after several months of work. I believe the Faculty of Medicine is beginning to realize this for they are no longer giving the accelerated course."

## MOC HOME OPEN FOR XMAS WEEK

Shawbridge Is Scene During Holiday Season

Shawbridge is now the ideal centre for cross-country skiing, for in addition to the five M.O.C. trails several new trails have been cut and marked this season in the vicinity. The tow will also be running on the Big Hill, and as this hill is not as crowded as some, skiing there is most attractive for the less expert.

Men who wish to stay one or more nights at the M.O.C. house at Shawbridge during the holidays must make reservations with Mrs. Hendrie at the Athletics Office at the Gymnasium.

The House is completely furnished and contains three bedrooms, living room, bath, and a well-equipped kitchen where members may prepare meals.

## Engineers Win Softball Title In Playoff Tilt

**CAUC Loses 13-9; Freeman Stars For Plumbers**

The most exciting match of the softball season was played yesterday afternoon, as the Engineers defeated the Army Course boys in the finals by the score of 13 to 9. This gives the championship of the Intercompany Softball League to the one-hour group of the C.O.T.C., who wound up the season with a record of four wins against one loss.

From the outset the C.A.U.C. scientists put up a strong fight to attempt to take over the superior group of fourth year Engineers, but the latter team was far ahead in pitching, this assignment being handled by Stirling Babcock, of strike-out fame. Babcock, though he did not approach the feat accomplished Tuesday, when fourteen of the fifteen outs were strike-out victims, limited the soldiers to six hits, his deceptive balloon ball being particularly effective.

The game started out as a very tight struggle, both teams scoring one run in the first inning. While the plumbers were blanked in the second inning, the soldiers put across two runs to go ahead 3-1. This margin was increased in the succeeding stanza, as the score was advanced to 6-3 for the Army Course team. The fourth inning was the turning point as the Engineers put on a spurge of hits, featuring the only homerun of the game by Rex Freeman, to run up a total of six runs, while they limited the C.A.U.C. team to one.

Throughout this time the battery of Babcock and Freeman was outstanding, as Freeman proved to be the mainstay of the team. For the soldiers, the pitching of Gossack was very good, though his fast ball was not really fast. However, his control made up for this, while he was continually backed up by good fielding.

In the fifth and sixth innings, the plumbers pushed over another three runs against two for the C.A.U.C.s, to make the score going into the last stanza 12-9. The C.O.T.C. squad added another counter in their half, while the soldiers went down one-two-three, to end the game. The best batting average was compiled by Freeman who hit safely four times out of five, closely followed by Deckelbaum, who hit three for four.

While this game was played as a part of an Intercompany League, it is interesting to note the fact that it actually boils down to the same type of contest that will be very predominant in future athletics at the University, namely an Intramural game. The tilt played was between the C.A.U.C. and the fourth year Engineers, and turned out to be very successful.

## Ted Johnson, Noted Missionary Addresses S.C.M.

Continued from Page Three

contradictory for there can be only one conception of reality and he who accepts Christ accepts the Christian conception as superior to all others. And finally that it is impossible for a Christian missionary to impose Christianity upon anyone who is unwilling to accept it. Mr. Johnson finished his talk by answering the questions of his audience about his work in Manchuria.

## Poor Sports Term Ended; Lack of Spirit Deplored

The first term is just about over and the time has come when a general survey of sports is necessary. Running over the Senior A athletics we find that only one, football, has completed the arduous trip through a complete schedule. The Senior Basketball squad has been through many changes, but still has not completed its schedule. The Red hockey team is still pursuing the championship in the National Defence Hockey League.

In the way of Intramural athletic activities we have many results to show. The first league organized this year for other than Senior players was in the form of the Intramural Football Schedule. This league featured the playing of about sixty men who thoroughly enjoyed

themselves as they verified at the Football banquet. There were three teams in the league and the championship was won by the Lions, who will be the proud receivers of McGill letters.

The Intramural Softball league was completed today when the COTC (1 hour) won the championship. Interest in softball this year has not been what it was expected to be, nevertheless the schedule was run off without too many defaults, every team turning out to at least one game. The basketball played amongst the lesser players was not nearly as successful as Mr. Van Wagner had expected but there is still hope for the second half of the year as much interest has been shown in the new organization of the sport.

## West Indies

Continued from Page Four

a piece of cake or plum pudding and have at least one drink . . . usually rum in varied concoctions, whiskey, wines, cider, or one of our two native drinks, ginger beer and sorrel. Both these last are home-made. The first needs no explanation, the second is made from rum and a red liquid obtained from the fleshy part of the sorrel, a plant which grows very easily. Our Christmas dinner is quite the usual thing . . . turkey, chicken, and vegetables, but we have no mince meat pies. The toast is proposed with champagne or wine and then the quantities of cake and liquor consumed during the morning, even a Christmas dinner offers little temptation. To refresh yourself in the afternoon, you can usually go swimming, but since all the clubs and benches are crowded, many prefer to go sailing. We have fine sailing weather at that time of the year and the exercise of keeping a

fourteen foot cat-boat afloat is enough to waken anyone.

To discuss definite policies and treatment of the teams as well as to draw up schedules Hay Finlay has called a meeting for the various sports representatives namely Halford, Chalkin, Frank, Freeman, Stalker and the representatives from Medicine and Dentistry at his office this afternoon at five o'clock.

The brink of Niagara Falls is receding at the rate of two and a half feet a year.

—A.E.I.

## Christmas and the Rabbi

Continued from Page One

little more about it if we took a little walk before supper — if your mother'll let us go. Let's see."

Arm in arm again, they advanced on the kitchen, slipped open the swinging door, and executed a pincher movement which effectively encircled the unresisting lady in the mottled green apron. "Merry Christmas, peach-blossom," said Gerald, kissing her; Peter rubbed his cheek on his mother's shoulder and purred. "Mind if we take a walk for half-an-hour?" said Gerald. Shaking her head with a smile, Martha Harvey stood where her menfolk released her and watched them burst through the swinging door in a dash for the coat-closet and the winter evening; and the subconscious memories of fifteen years of wonderful marriage swept over her with a glow that revived that radiance with which she once had overwhelmed her husband at first sight.

Opening the door with an emphatic heave, Peter took the four steps in a single leap, and stood waiting in the gentle drift of the snowflakes while his father swung the door to and tested the lock before proceeding. They matched short, carefully balanced steps down the icy hill, neither speaking a word until they had crossed Orchard street and faced the level straightness of the road into town. They walked slowly, crunching the new-fallen snow beneath their feet, and finally Gerald spoke.

"So you're having a hard time figuring out how we can celebrate Christmas when there isn't any peace on earth, eh?" Peter kept affirmative silence, and he went on: "It's easy enough to say that we're fighting a war against men who don't believe in Christmas or in any other religious observance, and that we're fighting to preserve our freedom to celebrate Christmas or criticize the government or anything else that democracy means. Really, Peter, that isn't the point at all; goodwill towards men is something you can feel without being able to put your finger on it—and once you've felt it, you'll realize that people are the most important things in the world, and that honesty and goodwill are those things that make this system we call democracy tick."

Turning the corner onto Main Street, they came upon a policeman standing in a shop doorway and watching the crowds sift by. "Come here a minute, son," said Gerald, leading him over to the six-foot stalwart with the friendly face and the searching eyes. "Merry Christmas, Officer," he began, and the policeman returned the greeting and passed it on to Peter standing shyly by. "Nice white Christmas," he continued, to the officer's nod; "What do you think about it?"

"Well," said the officer, slowly, "it's cold standing here on the beat in this weather, but it's never lonesome. Somehow Christmas seems to bring out everything that's pleasant in a person, and the same people who come along here tired and grumpy most evenings will have a pleasant word and maybe even a small gift on Christmas Eve. Sort of gives you back a little faith in humanity if you've lost any through the year. Did you ever stop to think that people are the most amazing things the Lord ever created, and that's the biggest reason why you have to treat them right? Too many people forget that, in all this wartime confusion—practice what you're fighting for, I always say these days. . . Well, have to move along just now, sir—Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, youngster, and I hope Old Santa is good to you. Goodnight!"

"Did I say something, Peter?" said Gerald, as they walked on. . . .

Trudging on up Main Street, they let themselves be carried along by the slow-moving stream of home-bound townsfolk; halting momentarily by a red light at State Street, they stepped aside to listen to the chatter of the wrinkled old woman at the corner newsstand. Excavating his pocket, Gerald selected three well-worn pennies and exchanged them for an evening paper, adding a smile and a "Merry Christmas!" to the transaction.

"It's always a merry Christmas," said the woman in her trade-roughened voice, and it's got nothing to do with snow or presents or church services either. You can always feel Christmas in the air when it starts getting near—people are so much kinder, so much pleasanter. It's a generous mood that everybody gets into—and y'know, I sometimes think we'd be a lot better off if we had Christmas all the year round. I'm sure the Lord wouldn't mind—think so, mister?"

"Coming clearer, Peter?" asked his father, as they turned onto Jefferson Boulevard towards home.

"I think so, Dad," said Peter, "but I'm not sure yet. Do you think these sailors could help us, maybe?"

"Anything to help, sir," chimed in the taller of the two gentlemen referred to. "Lost in town, or something?"

"No, just out for a stroll," said Gerald; "but you fellows could help us out with your opinions on this Christmas business, if you'd like to."

"I hope that your Christmas will be a very happy one. Goodnight!"

"Merry Christmas, Mother," said Peter, as they sat down to the table; "and for the first time I really think I understand what it means."

And Gerald Harvey, lost in a pensive smile, softly murmured, "Amen."

## HOCKEY AT THE FORUM

National Defence Hockey League

Thursday, Dec. 23 at 8 p.m.

**1st Game: Navy vs. McGill**

**2nd Game: Army vs. R.C.A.F.**

**Tickets**

Student tickets on presentation of McGill Athletics card, for 15¢ at Gym office daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 27, at 8 p.m.

**1st Game: McGill vs. Army**

**2nd Game: Navy vs. R.C.A.F.**

**Free Tickets**

Student tickets on presentation of McGill Athletics card, free. At Gym office daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**TICKETS AVAILABLE DURING THE HOLIDAY FROM 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.**

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**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

## The Flamingo Legend

Continued from Page One

tacked time after time, the Heinkels would quit their target—driven off by Johnny's gun. It wasn't so much the lead the gun gave out—it was Johnny. He'd ride that gun for hours, laughing and singing, his crazy blue eyes would watch the sky. He knew Jerry intimately—it wasn't long before Jerry knew him. The 'Callie King' still plied the oceans loaded down with oil or gasoline, and while the other ships, same speed, same run, same cargo, lost the fight and went down—the 'Callie King'—she kept on sailing, with Johnny Flamingo riding her gun on the fore-deck. Nobody remembers her crew much—lads from Portland—Gloucester way—nor much about her captain Kenny Lafferty.

You might say all it amounted to was the luck the sea gives to a ship; but the 'Callie King' fought the sea; she fought the mines. She fought the raiding aircraft and the tin-fish. She fought them all with something more than luck. She fought them with Flamingo hugging close his gun, poised, sure against attack.

The luck grew poor for merchant ships. Like easy targets they went down, sending back only oil-soaked bodies rolling up on shore to tell the story. And when their casualties were even with the army, the landsmen talked about their spirit. Only after men had died. That's why the story of Johnny Flamingo still lingers on the sea.

In January '42 the luck of merchant seamen failed. Went out like a gutted candle, smote still by the wind. And yet, in spite of that sure darkness, ships went out—and down.

Like all the others, so the 'Callie King'. She loaded heavy with high octane gas for Britain; she groped her way without a convoy towards her goal, and like the other times Flamingo watched on deck. Stood without tiring, straining, waiting. He'd felt so often as he stood the watch that he was a part of the gallant ship. The 'Callie King' had engines throbbing like his heart. Her spirit, his; his eyes, hers; until it got to such a point that he could never leave the watch. The January winds might slash him cold; the ice might settle on his gun; but there he'd be just like a statue, but one of warmth kindled by his merry laugh.

The moon was high and peering as they came in, off the coast of Ireland. The wind, the waves, the atmosphere were crying. Grief hung throughout the cabins and the hold, while out on deck Flamingo stood his watch.

They came, their guns and motors throttling; they strafed death and broken glass flew wild. One less, as Johnny found his target, but on and on they came and aimed their guns. The 'Callie King' moved on, zig-zagged, cut back, like a wide-eyed, frightened doe, caught at bay. Two aircraft left—the sea leaped, wild with joy. Destruction was a thing she loved to see. The 'Callie King' cut back, surged forward, all now straining, her engines singing songs like Johnny's laugh.

They hit the 'Callie King', set her afire and in the midst of terror and cold, men lowered down to the sea in flimsy lifeboats. The Captain, Kenny Lafferty, called up to Johnny as he held the watch, but no quick answer filtered through the smoke. The captain scrambled back on deck to get Flamingo. Flames closed him in; and as the lifeboats cut the stormy tide, the 'Callie King' haloed in fire, shifted her course. Her motors still, her flag all tattered, torn, while up on deck a beacon flaming gold, was Johnny's gun, and Johnny, frozen to his watch, slumped by. The men called out, unrighted now at last.

"Hi Johnny—Hoy Flamingo—Keep the watch!" And while the sea surged still, and cold winds swept the sky, his crazy laugh came swiftly through the waves, it caught the lifeboats, then moved on again, across the raging sea it knew so well.

And in the noise of death-locked battle on the sea, anywhere, off Guadalcanal, the Orkneys, Scapa Flow, young sailors, weary at their battle stations, hear, above the pom poms' din, the aircraft's roar, his crazy laugh comes dancing 'cross the waves, to hearken them again. They stand their watch, now warmed by Johnny Flamingo's legend.

## The Colonel and Mark

Continued from Page One

The singing drifted into the quiet—Mark leaned heavily against his rifle. Christ and peace seemed so ridiculous—what right had he—Mark Gilford, to pray to God—he who had killed—he who had forgotten the faith that his mother had taught him. It had been no good to him in the world of living reality—he couldn't live by it. The world asked for his allegiance—the world had betrayed the faith of men with a steel kiss of death. Why should he have a right to claim the values Christ had spoken about? He prayed on—Oh God forgive me—forgive me, help make me realize that this is my path of duty and service—that in serving my country I am serving my God and His humanity. He must get

Suddenly a voice spoke to him "Mark—Mark." Mark raised his eyes and saw the strong face and clear eyes of a man in a uniform marked with the insignia of a colonel. He jumped up in a hurry, "Yes Sir." "You look troubled Mark—are you thinking about home and Christmas?" Mark was somewhat surprised at this colonel addressing him by his first name, nevertheless he answered, "Yes Sir, I was just sort of musing away about the folks and about Christmas and its meaning in this messy world of ours." The colonel smiled, "So you're searching for meaning, eh Mark?"

"Yes Sir, I can't seem to fit things together—you know, Peace on earth—brotherhood and all the stuff I'd like to believe in—it just doesn't go—I guess."

"Mark, you're worried because you feel you are betraying your faith—is that right?"

"I guess that's it Sir, all this death and destruction and hopelessness—even after almost two thousand years of having Christ's words to live by—it's hard to figure out."

"The great things of life are all hard to figure out Mark, especially for the little man."

"I guess you're right Sir"—Mark gave a long sigh of resignation—but that doesn't help me much—what am I helping to do for humanity by all this—my father was killed in the last war fightin' for what?"

"Mark—tonight we celebrate the birth of Christ, we've always been taught that His was a life of kindness and love man to man—isn't that right?"

"That's what I was taught Sir, and I half believed that the world did live by some of His ideas until I got into this—now I hardly believe anything."

"Remember the story of the men who defiled the temple—what did Christ do?"

Mark pondered a moment then replied, "I guess He got tough with them, Sir."

"Right, Mark, He got tough, He made a whip—rolled up His sleeves and beat them out of that temple—that's what you're doing today Mark—what your father did before you—beating the defilers of the temple of civilization—whipping them out—that's your job again today Mark—the same as it was Christ's nineteen hundred years ago—it takes time—and tremendous effort—but you're driving them out—you and thousands like you . . ."

"Well, I guess that's one way of looking at it, Sir."

"That's the only way Mark—the man of action is the man of Christ—the man who is willing to suffer as He did—to sacrifice as He did for ideals and principles—that's the man of faith—not the babbler and the thieving hypocrite . . ."

Mark looked up to reply—he shook his head as if he had been in a sleep—he wondered where the colonel had gone. He shrugged his shoulders—deep down inside him he felt more secure—like a man who has found his faith again. The low roar of the bombers returning disturbed his thoughts—he looked towards the heavens and counted them—three—six-nine—twelve—that was all—in the silence that followed he thought of the men who had not returned—the greatest sacrifice any man can make is that he lay down his life for his brother.

## Merry Christmas, Diary

Continued from Page One

Christmas. Course, Dad kisses Mom even when it isn't Christmas. But that's because they're married. Anyhow, I've never kissed a girl, not like Dorothy. I've never seen a girl like her.

Merry Christmas, Dorothy,  
I mean, Diary.

December 24th, 1941.

Dear Diary: Well, this is the first Christmas I'm writing about in

this new Diary. In 1946, when I finish this book, it will be my second complete Diary.

Now, what will I write? To-morrow's Christmas Day which makes to-day Christmas eve. My gang and I decided to stay up all night to-night, but I bet old Mrs. Grant won't let Mickey stay up. She has no idea whatsoever of the Christmas spirit. Boy, do I appreciate my folks at times!

I was just looking over what I wrote two years ago, when I was a kid. Imagine anyone buying presents for a dame! Boy, is my face red. Especially that silly kid Dotty. Rod is buying a present for his girl. Wait till he's had my experience. He'll learn.

Well, Merry Christmas, Diary, Old Boy.

♦ ♦ ♦

December 24th, 1943.

Dear Diary: To-night is Christmas eve. As I sit at my desk looking out of the window, across the street, and at the Church beyond, I can't help but feel a little subdued. This is my fifth war Christmas, probably my last one in civvies, and yet that old Church there has stood through these five years without budging a brick or blinking a window. I'm just beginning to understand what war is all about. Seeing your friends go away on by ones does sort of bring it home to you.

Here, to-night though, everything is covered with a thick, white snow, and all the town seems asleep.

We have no Christmas tree this year. There are no children who need one, and never will be again in this house, I'm afraid. When I think of the eighteen Christmases I've spent in this house, in this room, I get scared. With all those memories behind me, why should I have to go to war, or is it because of those memories?

Will I be here next Christmas? Will I be anywhere? Will anyone? Crazy questions, yet they keep running through my mind.

My head touched the bottom of the blind now. When I started writing this Diary I had to stand on tiptoes to even reach it with my fingers.

Listen, I can hear Dorothy Blake playing the piano next door. Her boy-friend is in Italy. To-morrow I'm going over to her house, and this time, I'm going to kiss her—for her boy-friend, and Merry Christmas.

Well, Diary, the clock says twelve. It's Christmas, old friend. I hope it's the last war Christmas. I hope it's the last Christmas that men and women and children will have to spend afraid of bombs, afraid of death. I hope that next year Europe's people will be able to celebrate Christmas the way it should be celebrated—with holly and mistletoe, and plum pudding with brandy; with presents, and trees, and carols and angel music. . . . This year, their tree is a battlefield, decorated with the hearts of their people who have died for Christmas. . . . Their carols are heard in the hymn of steel, sung to the music of the bombers' drone. . . . Their presents are their bodies, and their plum pudding a rationed crust. . . . They are spending Christmas that way, so that I can spend Christmas this way. Some day I'll repay them.

Someday, when Christmas is what it should be, when snow falls instead of blood, when mistletoe hangs instead of bodies, and when "Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Men" will mean something, I'll repay them. I don't know how, but I will repay them.

Merry Christmas, Diary.

## The Innkeeper's Story

Continued from Page One

have been in bed two hours before. Now, he would sleep in and the cattle wouldn't be out on the hillside till late tomorrow morning. Surely, they were thin enough. I called the boy to me, and I noticed he was holding something behind his back.

"What's this?" I asked him, "what have you there, and why were you going out at this time of night?"

"Father Jude," he answers, as cool as you please, "I am sorry if I have done wrong, but I had to help her."

"What are you talking about? Help who?" then I thought of something. "Have you been giving food to the leper woman again? After I have forbidden you! Do you know the Ten Commandments? First, you break one by disobeying me and now, you seem to be stealing. . . ."

"No, no, father, it's not the leper woman. It's those people who came this afternoon. . . . the man and the woman with the beautiful face. I—I let them sleep in the cattle shed."

"You what?" I couldn't believe it.

"Yes, father, but you see I had to help them. There is a child newborn. Please let them stay there tonight, father, please."

Curses on the woman, I thought. Now they would have to be let stay there. And all, because of Hershad's bothering with the affairs of other people.

"What were you taking to them?" I asked, then another thought came to me. I grabbed Hershad by the arm. "Did you make them pay?" I asked him.

"They . . . they gave me some money when they went into the cattle shed," he said, in a frightened voice.

"Well, where is it? Or did you intend to keep it for yourself?" I almost hoped he did, for it would show that the boy had some hope of making a smart business man. But no, what does the boy say.

"I gave it back to them," he says.

"You what?" I could hardly speak.

"Father, you can take the money you usually give me for watching the gate until the cost of the shed is paid."

"Get to bed," I ordered him, exasperated. "And put that wine you were taking out, back into the jar."

"Please father, let me give it to them. I'll work for it too. But men have been coming all night to see the child," and I'm sure they would like a drink of wine now."

I gave up being surprised. Now, men had been coming all night to see the child. What next? Well, Hershad decided that he might as well make the story good. Rich men from the east had come, and brought gifts to the child. And shepherds had left their sheep go wandering through the country to come and see the child. The boy's mind must have gone completely, I thought.

"You get to bed, and I will go out and see these strange happenings in my cattle shed," I told him.

"But, father, you don't understand. The—the child. . . ."

"Yes, what about the child?" This was getting more annoying all the time.

"The child," he says, in the voice he used to pray in when he was a little boy, "the child is the promised Messiah."

I didn't attempt to argue with the boy. What was the use? He was dreaming or had gone mad. I wasn't even angry any more.

"Go along to bed, Hershad, and everything will be alright in the morning. Here give me the wine, and I'll take it out to them."

Well, I went out to the shed to see if anything had been going on there. It must have been long past midnight; the night was cold and clear. I pushed in the heavy door. It was as I had thought. There was nothing there, except the cattle.

But Hershad always kept the belief that this Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah who was born in our cattle shed thirty four years ago. Nothing I did could make him forget it. And now he has left me, left me who could have given the inn into his hands to run and to enrich us all. He has left me to follow a penniless Nazarene.

And that's the end of my story. Only there were two things I could not understand. Of course, I never believed the story that this Jesus of Nazareth was born in my shed, let alone that the Messiah was born here. That's why I don't understand these two things. The first is the decree that came from Herod the next day. "Every male child under the age of two years dwelling in Bethlehem of Judea shall be put to death," it said. And the other thing was this.

When one of the servants was cleaning out the manger, he found a piece of wood there. It might have been a child's plaything, so small and smooth, it was. It looked as if it had been whittled out by someone who had some talent for carpentry. But it was the oddest plaything. It was carved in the shape of a cross.

## Brazil

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As evening approaches and the sun becomes a crimson orb on the rim of the dark encircling mountains, then the supper-parties, dances and other festivities begin. In the metropolis of Rio the casinos and cafes are filled with tall youths and streamlined señoritas who swing and sway to the rhythms of the newest "sambas", while the various athletic clubs all have elaborate parties and supper dances. Most people however prefer to stay at home and sit on the veranda with the rest of the

family, from where they can see the moon shimmering out over the sea and feel the cool caress of the ocean breeze.

Gradually the lights fade out; the City sleeps. Tomorrow is another day.

R. H.

## Czechoslovakia

Continued from Page Four

and the visiting shepherds. A pile of presents wait to be opened by anxious fingers. First, however, everybody joins in singing the beautiful traditional carols.

The next day, being a feast day, the dinner at mid-day is the main feature and may consist of a boar's head surrounded by a string of sausages, or some fowl such as turkey or a goose. The afternoon is devoted to visits of relatives and friends.

During the festive season, the main squares of all towns and cities throughout the country are decorated by tall fir trees, which are lit up during the night by many colored lights. In Praha, on the Old Town Square, an especially high tree used to be erected and was called the National Christmas Tree. On a cold wintry night with fresh snow on the ground, it presented a truly memorable sight with its sparkling lights and an old carol was played and sung by the passersby.

Perhaps next Christmas this tree will again stand in its full glory and the people will be able to sing their songs in the open.

T. P.

## French Canada

Continued from Page Four

tree? Well, that was only for the adults to notice! So Paul, Louise, Andre, Madeleine and Therese all rushed to the "old man's" side and "climbed his knees, the envied kiss to share."

Then Santa gave away all his treasures till he had nothing left for himself (you can bet he got a present on the side). Paul received marbles, a Christmas stocking and thousands of other things. Claude received a watch and Francine a bracelet. Maybe they did not believe in Santa anymore, but they still believed in Christmas.

Then it was time for the revillon. There was a big turkey on the table, the traditional Christmas meat pies, the "pate de foie gras" and the roast drippings. And then came the Yule log (that's a cake, believe it or not), and the wine. Mother had prepared a lot and so everyone ate more than he should. But that also was part of the ritual. By now it was four o'clock, the party was over. And so to bed, Maryelle.

## Old-Fashioned Christmas

Continued from Page One

and its sighs came loud in the silence.

Kayne lay back in the arm-chair. Quiet settled on her mind; in place of the whirling tumult of thoughts was numbness. Just an emptiness and a dull ache that kept awareness of something wrong. Almost she wished for her former bitter thoughts and resentment—anything to